

The Tinware Man

THE TIN WARE MAN 5126 A1

Sherman Loop Visalia, 1941

Come all you white folks A story I will tell 'Twas all about a pretty little girl In New York she did dwell. Her father he sold apples On a Union ferry boat, Her mother made a fortune By patching up old coats.

O she's gone far away I never shall see her no more She ran away with a tin-ware man To Jersey's foreign shore - O she's gone far away I never shall see her no more She ran away with a tin-ware man To Jersey's foreign shore.

My girl invented popcorn And that within good style Her sweet melodious voice could be heard For over half a mile 'Twas there she met that Tin-ware man I wish he'd never been born He asked her for to let him have Three cents worth of popcorn.

O she's gone far away I never shall see her no more She ran away with a tin-ware man To Jersey's foreign shore - O she's gone far away I never shall see her no more She ran away with a tin-ware man To Jersey's foreign shore.

I'm a-goin' to get me a musket And a keg of powder too And a great big knife and a pistu-el And I'll hunt all Jersey through - If ever I Find that Tin-ware man He'll peddle his tin no more I'll start another new graveyard On Jersey's foreign shore.

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